

THE PATH.

[**Mr. G. T. Shastri**—a wanderer in more than one sense, travels over continents physically, and metaphysically studies obscure but interesting phases of art and philosophy. We appreciate the kindly thought which prompted him to remember so appropriately the first number of THE ARYAN PATH—EDS.]

“To know the universe as a road—
as many roads—for travelling souls.”

WALT WHITMAN.

The symbol of the Path has been used from time immemorial to suggest the never-ceasing, ever-progressing pageant of Life. Every expression of Life, from the soul of an atom to the Soul of a Sage appears to be slowly wending its way upon a road, the beginning and the end of which lie shrouded in darkness and mystery.

Many of these souls are being propelled along the Path of Evolution by the force of natural impulse, while other souls energise themselves. Some are blindly stumbling along the Path of Existence, while others are slowly and deliberately climbing the Path of Life. Some few Souls, having reached the summit of the weary road that “winds uphill all the way, yes to the very end,” stand hesitant at the crossroad where the Path of Life divides. To the left a broad smooth highway stretches out, leading to liberation from all the woes of flesh; to the right a rugged, stony course, leading to renunciation of self for the sake of others.

The Path which the un-self-conscious souls are travelling lies far behind us; the Path of Initiation into the mysteries of Being lies far ahead. But the other roads lie at our very feet. Which shall we choose to travel? Shall we continue our stumbling way along the Path of Existence, caring little whence we have come or whither we are tending, or shall we boldly enter the Path of Life, armed with determination, humility and fortitude?

The old Chinese philosopher Kwang-Tze said of these two Paths: “There is the Tao (or Way) of Heaven, and there is the Tao of Man. These two are far apart and should be distinguished from each other.”

The Path which so many of us seem content to travel is that in which the sensations and the feelings are allowed to dominate the life. But these are not the qualities which distinguish as *men*, for we share them in common with the brute. The line of distinction is marked by will, creative imagination, discrimination and the desire for altruistic service, and these powers must be exercised if we would assert our humanity and assume our divinity.

“Ye are gods!” thundered the voice of the old King-Psalmist; “I am verily the Supreme Brahman,” asserted, in calmer accents, another ancient voice. These words of power, resounding through the halls of Time and reverberating down the centuries have been heeded by all whose hearts were tuned to their vibrations. In the golden days of Greece many listened to the ancient voices and reiterated their words. The *Nous* of Anaxagoras was but a restatement of